

THE
Covent Garden Jester ;
OR,
LADY's and GENTLEMAN's
TREASURE
OF
WIT, HUMOUR, AND AMUSEMENT;

CONTAINING

A very great variety of BON MOTS, WITTY SAY-
INGS, and HUMOROUS JESTS;

BEING

The most excellent Collection ever yet published in the
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

By the EARL of FUNSBOROUGH.

L O N D O N :

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T H E

COVENT-GARDEN JESTER, &c.

THE late Colonel Chartres reflecting upon his ill life and public character, told a nobleman, if such a thing as a good name could be purchased, he would freely give *ten thousand pounds* for it. The nobleman said, it would be the worst money he ever laid out in his life. Why so? says the Colonel. *Because,* replied his Lordship, *you would certainly forfeit it again in less than a week,*

Ned Shuter one day standing at a green stall in Bow-street, was accosted by a shabby man, who asked him for charity, declaring he had not a shoe to his foot. Ned immediately presented him with a part of his purchase at the fruit-stall; adding, that if he had not a shoe to his foot, now he was provided with a *pear*.

A London rider, at Exeter, left his dog in the stable by his horse. The yard dog took offence at him, and beat him; upon which the former dog set out for London, and brought down another dog of his acquaintance, to revenge his cause. ——— *A fact.*

An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had gone many yards, he found he possessed the usual *excellencies* of the unfortunate four-footed hirelings of the road, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c. The sailor, however (having been unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on its knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing, “ shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship’s going too much a-head.”

Mrs. Webb, of Covent Garden Theatre, was rehearsing the part of Lady Anne, in Richard the Third, at Lynn, in Norfolk, in much distress, about the year 1778—When she came to that passage where the disconsolate fair one utters, “ Shall I never have rest again?” her irascible landlady, who had been listening, suddenly popped her head into the room, and with her arms a-kimbo, bellowed, “ No, thou waggabone, that thou has’nt, till you have paid me for your board and lodging.”

Mr. Rock, of the same Theatre, advised a scene shifter to get a subscription, upon receiving an accident. A few days after he desired the man to shew him the list of names, which he read, and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise said, “ Why, Mr. Rock, won’t you give me something?”—“ Is it me you mane, my dear? Why, zounds, man, didn’t I *give you the hint!*”

Mr. R——, who resides in Pall-mall, happening to spend the evening in the city, was requested, in his turn, to favour the company with a song—He politely declined singing, alledging he was so indifferent a performer in that way, that any attempt on his part would rather disgust than entertain.—One of the company, however, observed that he had a very good voice, and that he had had the pleasure of hearing him sing.—“ That may be, “ resumed the other, (wishing to get excused) but as I am not a *freeman*, I have *no voice in the City.*”

Dr.

Dr. Apozem was just seated at Jessamine hall, and held Miss Nancy by the wrist. Her fancy was so tickled at the idea which the pamphlet conveyed, that she burst into a loud laughter, and leaning too much on the back of her chair it began to totter. The toe of her right foot caught the verge of Miss Kitty's petticoat, and lower-wise as the head descended, the toe ascended. The Doctor cast his eyes around in distress, which falling on Miss Kitty's beautiful bower, transported him so, that letting go Nancy's wrist, he grasped at the treasure, but was disappointed; for at that instant Nancy was completely overset, and Miss Kitty's cloaths returned to their proper station.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ay," said he, "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shewn to me; it filled up above five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin:—*About this time the world was created.*"

It was the custom of Charlemain to affix to the treatie^s which he consented to a waxen seal, impressed by the pummel of his sword. "And with the point," added the Emperor, "I will support it."

"No!" said an Italian gamester, after an intolerable run of ill-luck, "no, thou jade, Fortune! thou may'st, indeed, cause me to *lose* millions; but I defy thy utmost power to make me *pay* them."

The proud Duke of Somerset had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor that of genealogy.

A person told M. de Sorbriere that he was fond of books in *folio*. "There," said Sorbriere, "I differ from you; I like them best in *fructu*."

"Silence! keep silence in the court!" said, one day, an angry judge, "why will you not keep silence? Here we have judged a dozen causes this morning, and have not heard a word of one of them."

Epigram by M. du Belley, on a lady's dog.

Latratu, fures excepti—mutus, amantes.
Sic placui Domino—Sic placui Dominæ.

It may run thus in English :

At thieves I bark'd and made a fuss,
To beaux I wag'd my tail;
My master and my mistress, thus,
To please I could not fail.

The following Letter was sent with a Hare to a Nobleman.

Honoured Sir,
I have sent you a small present, who humbly hopes may prove worthy acceptance, which is a hare, who is your—very humble servant,

A. Newling, Cambridge.

One of the King's soldiers in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, staggered against a church, and clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hand, hiccupped out, "D—n you, you b—h, never fear—I'll stand by you to the last."

On the thirtieth of January, (the martyrdom of King Charles the First) Quin used to say, "Every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck."

A wench coming to confession, confessed abundance of sins, but the chief was lying with men. "Well," says the friar, "whoredom is a thing which does much displease God."—"I am sorry for that," says she, "for I am sure it *pleaseth* me."

The Hon. Mr. F—, upon seeing hung at a lady's watch the picture of her deceased husband, who, it was believed, had hastened his end by intemperance in connubial joys, said, "it was barbarous in her to hang him in chains so near the place of execution."

Lord H—n assured a young lady that he would do any thing to serve her. "If I was poor and necessitous," said the lady, "I make no doubt but you would express yourself in a different manner."—"Indeed, Madam, I would not," replied his Lordship, "for if you was *naked* I would cover you."—*Related by his Lordship.*

During the time of General Bellisle's confinement in Windsor Castle, as a party of soldiers were marching there, to be set as guards over him, a gentleman meeting them on the road, asked where they were going, and upon what business? when one of the officers, fond of punning, replied, "We are going to Windsor to keep a *General fast*."—*Related by Lord H—.*

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which, the prosecutor cries out, "*Ten-pence*, my Lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds*." "Oh," says his Lordship, "we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*."

Foote being told that a man in an high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept mistress: "Good God!" said he, "that fellow is always robbing the public."—*Related by the Countess of H.*

A distinguished performer at one of the theatres, complaining to Foote that his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruined him; concluded, as many usually do, "and for goodness sake, what is to be said for it?" "Nothing that I know," says Foote, "can be said for it, but much against it."—*Related by Garrick.*

Mr. D—, who is celebrated for punning, was, when at college, taken to task by one of the heads of the university; who told him that his puns were a scandal to him, though ever so much *in tempore*. "Sir," replied Mr. D—, "my puns are all *extempore*."

A French gentleman presenting, familiarly, a young marquis, named De Tierceville, to a lady of his acquaintance: "Madam," said he, "this is the Marquis de Tierceville, and he is not so great a fool as he looks to be." "Madam," answered Tierceville, "there lies the difference between him and me."

As the late King of Prussia was one day reviewing his troops, he observed a soldier who had his face much disfigured with scars; he walked up to him, and asked him at what public house he got those scars? To which the soldier replied, "Please your Majesty, it was at a place near *Mackfen*, * where your Majesty paid the reckoning."

* *A town in Silesia, near which the king lost a great battle.*

Dr. Johnson being asked his opinion of the title of a *very* small volume, remarkable for its copiousness and pomposity, replied, "That it was similar to placing an eight-and-forty pounder at the door of a pigsty."

A countryman going into the office of the Commons where the wills are kept, and gazing on the huge volumes on the shelves, asked if those were all *bibles*? "No, Sir," answered one of the clerks, "they are *testaments*!"

A gentleman at dinner one day, expressed his partiality for all kinds of internals; when the lady of the house, who had known him for a series of years, very shrewdly observed, "That he was mistaken, as he neither liked cow-heel or calf's-foot."

Some words in French have no correspondent rhyme. A lady asking a poet a rhyme for *coiffe* (a lady's head dress) was answered; "Madam, there is none; for what belongs to a lady's head has neither rhyme nor reason."

A certain clergyman in the west of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship; and said, "He wanted his death." "No, no, doctor," says the other, "you quite mistake; it was your *living* I wanted."

Gaston, of Orleans, after engaging many lords to rebel against Louis XIII. ungenerously abandoned them to their fate. One night the Prince of Guimene leaping from the stage into the pit, Gaston held out his hand to him; "My Lord, I am infinitely obliged to you," said Guimene, "for I am the first whom you have assisted to descend from the scaffold."

A gentle

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrick on a bureau.—“ Do you know my reasons,” says Foote, “ for making Garrick stand centry there ?” No,” replied his friend. “ I placed him there,” resumed the wit, “ to take care of my money, for by G— I can’t take care of it myself.”

A young lady of Chichester was playing at What is it Like, in company where there was present an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher: she likened the thing thought on to Mrs. Boucher’s stick. It proved to be the History of Pamela. “ The History of Pamela,” said she, “ is like Mrs. Boucher’s stick, because it is the support of virtue.”

An English gentleman who slept one night at Voltaire’s, begged a book of him, to amuse him when he rose in the morning: on which Voltaire gave him his Pucelle d’Orleans; adding, “ A virgin in my house is no small rarity.”

A French writer, some say Voltaire, having lampooned a nobleman, was caned by him for his licentious wit; when on applying to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, and begging him to do him justice, the Duke replied with a smile, “ Sir, it has been done already.”

Old Charles Macklin being asked his opinion of Charles F—, and the other distinguished characters who resigned lately; replied, “ I am no astronomer, Sir, but they seem to me to be wandering planets; though it would be much better for the people of this distracted country, if they were fixed stars at Tyburn or Temple-Bar.”

An English gentleman taking leave of Voltaire, to go to London; Voltaire said, “ Well, Sir, I will come and see you when you are got home—but this is after I am dead; there are above twenty ghosts in the tragedy of Macbeth, why should not I be one among them ?”

A Sultan

A Sultan, amusing himself with walking, observed a Dervise sitting with a human skull in his lap : not observing his Majesty, the reverend old man was looking very earnestly at the skull, and appeared to be in a very profound reverie. His attitude and manner surprised the Sultan ; who approached him, and demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection ?—"Sire," said the Dervise, "this skull was presented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a powerful monarch, like your Majesty, or of a poor Dervise, like myself."

Some old soldiers going to be shot for a breach of discipline ; at their passing by Marshal Turenne, pointed to the scars on their faces and breasts. What speech could come up to this ?—and it had the desired effect.

Sir Simon Stuart, of Hartley, amusing himself with some old papers belonging to his family, found endorsed on the outside of a covenant, that 15,000 pieces of gold were buried in a certain field, so many feet from the ditch towards the south. These words appearing a kind of memorandum, the Baronet took a servant with him, and going to the place described, made him dig, and found the treasure in a large iron pot, the mouth of which was covered with parchment, on which were written in legible characters, the following words :—"The devil shall have it sooner than Cromwell."

The new 90 gun ship, the Atlas, lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure of Atlas supporting the globe. By an error, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in. This part happened to be no other than all North America, and the carpenter who cut it away was an American.

A phy-

A physician, boasting his great knowledge in his profession, said he never heard any complaint from his patients; a by-stander wittily replied, *Very likely, doctor, for the faults of physicians are generally buried with their patients.*

A man of wit, on his arrival at Fernei, having addressed Voltaire with these words,

Hic est Mæcnas Virgiliusque simul.

In you we find both Mæcnas and Virgil.

Voltaire immediately replied, This ought to be true of one who is honoured with such a visitor.

Voltaire compared the English to a butt of their own strong beer, the froth at top, dregs at bottom, but the middle excellent.

"Your nation, like your language," said Voltaire, one day to an Englishman, "is a strange mixture of a variety of others. When I behold one of your countrymen fond of the tricks and chicane of law, I say, there is a Norman who came over with William the Conqueror. When I see another, affable and polite, he has the manners of a Plantagenet; or a third, outrageous and brutal, that, says I, is a Dane."

Notwithstanding his enthusiasm in behalf of the English, he confessed there were among them many unsociable and melancholic characters. He one day said to Lord Lyttleton.

Capricious, proud, the self-same axe avails
To chop off monarchs' heads, or horses tails.

Quin told Lady Berkeley, that she looked as blooming as the spring; but recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added,—I would to God the spring would look like your Ladyship!—*Related by the Lord C——.*

A certain Vicar of a facetious turn, walking late one evening, meets his curate highly elevated with the juice of the grape; Oh, oh, Mr. Twangum, says the vicar, from whence come you? Why, I don't know, doctor, says he; I have been *spinning* it out with my neighbour Freeport. Ay, quoth the doctor, and now I perceive, after your *spinning* it out, you are finishing the work by *reeling* it home.

Returning to my country box at Windfor, a few years ago, I rode up to a crowd of people, and perceived one of the horses of a team had just dropped down dead. The owner was very much affected, and wrung his hands, declaring it the greatest misfortune he had ever experienced, and at that time he could least afford to buy another horse, as he had met with a number of hardships for some time. I felt for the poor fellow, and calling one of my servants, who rode on an excellent horse, desired the waggoner to accept him. "Ah! master," said the countryman, "my pocket will not reach such a beast as that." "Come, come, my good fellow, be of good heart," said I, "take him, take him, and when I demand a price for him, then thou shalt pay me."

At the assize of Caernarvon, when Judge Barrington presided, a simple Welshman was tried for some petty offence. The Judge in an austere manner, asked him, "What are you?" To which the culprit replied, in his shire manner "My Lord, I was sell ale by the pound!" "Eh," says the Judge, not hearing him distinctly, "How do you do, my friend?" "Pretty well, I thank your Lordship, I hope you are well," replied the rustic, with
B such

such a simplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that lasted for a quarter of an hour. His Lordship was as merry as the rest, and leaned to his case in such a manner that he was acquitted.—*Sir W. W. related this.*

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance perhaps more than the following: Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as Sir Isaac was then far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, "Oh, Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done."—*Related by the Bishop of L. and C.*

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages? to which he replied, "No, Sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."—*Related by Dr. N——.*

When the Duchess of Kingston, some years since, wished to be received in the Court of Berlin, she got the Russian Minister there to mention her intentions to his Prussian Majesty, and to tell him at the same time, "That her fortune was at Rome, her bark at Venice, but that her heart was at Berlin." Immediately on hearing which, the King sarcastically replied, "I beg, Sir, you will make my compliments to her Grace, and inform her, that I am sorry we are only entrusted with the very worst part of her property."—*Related by the Prussian Ambassador.*

Trick

*Trick upon Trick, a pleasant Anecdote. October 16,
1788.*

The following ludicrous, though true circumstance, happened last week: Mr. C——n, of Chigwell, in Essex, sent a fine hare to his friend in London; the man by whom it was sent, having occasion, stopped at an alehouse near Stratford, called for a pint of beer, and went backwards; in the mean time the landlord cruelly killed his cat, and put it into the basket in lieu of the hare, which he concealed; the man pursued his journey, sent in the basket, was called in himself, and asked if he had stopped on the road? He answered in the affirmative, and the mystery was cleared up. He received a reward, with thanks to his master for the intended present. He marched back with the cat, called again at the pot-house, where he found only the servant girl, and a pot boiling; he called for another pint, and sent the girl for a penny-worth of tobacco; in the mean time he took a fine piece of beef out of the pot, and put in the cat.

I cut this out of a newspaper, and have been assured by Mr. H. Member for the county of E—x, it is a fact.

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the bishop, "What are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your Lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" said the father. "The reformation of myself, my Lord," replied the son. *Related to me when a boy, by the celebrated T——n.*

The poetical Lord Lyttleton's Dialogues of the Dead being the subject of conversation one evening, the Duchess of Northumberland asked my opinion of them? to which I replied, I thought them excellent likenesses *after* life.

An ignorant judge hearing a counsellor cite the Acts of the Apostles, asked him, what these acts were? The counsellor answered, "They are acts that were passed in the parliament of Jerusalem."

When Lord Townshend was Viceroy of Ireland, his butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. "You blockhead," cries his Lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand, "how did you do it?"—"Upon my soul, my Lord, they happened to fall just so," replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also into a thousand pieces.—

Related by Lady T.

A good monk being charged with making a catalogue of a library, and meeting with a Hebrew book, put, *Item, a book which begins at the end.*

A remarkable eater, who piqued himself upon devouring as much as six other men could manage, was brought before Henry IV. expecting that monarch would make him a present to keep his chops a going. The king, who had heard of this hero of the platter, asked him, if it was true that he could eat as much as six? "Yes, Sir," answered he. "And do you work in proportion?" added the king. "Sire," replied he, "I work as much as any other of my strength and age." "Get along!" exclaimed the king, "had I six such as thee in my kingdom, I should cause them all to be hanged, to prevent a famine."

An idle Count and an idle Abbe being in company together, the Count hearing the word Abbe always bandying about, was piqued, and asked the Abbe where his abbey lay? The Abbe replied, "Bless me, do you not know it? It is in your county."

A girl

A girl said to her young lover, I shall grant you all you ask, after you have given me what you have not; what you cannot have; and yet may give me—A husband.

Henry IV. being much enamoured of Madame d'Entragues, asked her, one day, which was the way to her chamber? *Through the church, Sir,* answered she.

A bishop was consumed with the desire of being a cardinal. He envied the good health of his treasurer, and said, "How do you manage to be always well, while I am always ill?" The treasurer answered, "My Lord, the reason is that you have always a hat in your head; and I have always my head in a hat."

An Abbe, who was a celebrated preacher, but of no severity of manners, being censured for making the morality of his sermons too rigid, answered, "I use that plan in order that my auditors may have so much to blame in their own lives, that they shall have no leisure to reflect on mine."

Monsieur de Vivonne, who was general of the expedition against Messina, writing from that place to the king, closed his letter in these words: *To finish the affair, we only want ten thousand men.* He gave his letter to seal to Du Terron, commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add, *and a general.*

The Marquis de Grance, returning from the army, all covered with dust, and in a mean dress, went to the Louvre to pay his court to the prince. Two marshals of France, meeting him in the antichamber, said to him, "Bless us! what a pickle you are in! You look like a waggoner." "Yes," answered he, "and ready to exercise my whip upon you, if you please."

Zeuxis entered into a contest of art with Parrhasius. The former painted grapes so truly that the birds came and pecked at them. The latter delineated a curtain so exactly, that Zeuxis coming in, said "Take away the curtain that we may see this piece." And finding his error, said, "Parrhasius, thou hast conquered. I only deceived birds, thou an artist."

Zeuxis painted a boy carrying grapes; the birds came again and pecked. Some applauding, Zeuxis flew to the picture in a passion, saying, "My boy must be very ill painted."

Leo, the Byzantine sophist, came to Athens to persuade the people to concord. Being a little fat personage, with a portly belly, he no sooner mounted the rostrum than a loud and universal laugh ensued. But he, nothing moved, taking advantage of the incident, said, "Why do you laugh, men of Athens? My wife is yet fatter than me." A louder laugh arose. But he proceeded, "Now, fat as we are, and large, one bed easily holds us when at concord; but when variance arises, the whole house cannot contain us."

A courtier being suspected of impotency, and always denying the charge, met Benferade, who had often rallied him on it, and said, "My good Sir, notwithstanding your precious wit, my wife was yesterday brought to bed." "What then?" said Benferade, "nobody accused your wife."

A prince, rallying the fatness of a courtier, who had served him in many embassies, said, he looked like an ox. "I know not," said the courtier, "what I am like: but I know that I have often had the honour to represent your majesty."

*In a private Chapel, belonging to the Family, consecrated
to Saint Francis.*

To the merry memory of F—— D—— Lord——

The most careless, and perhaps the most
facetious libertine of his age :

He was never known to have corrected one
error, or to have been reclaimed from
one vice, he had once determined
to indulge.

His residence in town and country was a
Rendezvous for the choicest geniuses
of the reign he lived in :

Having no religion of his own, he never
inquired into the principles of others ;
and being unable to hit on any
moral system thoroughly adapt-
ed to his taste, he confi-
dered the manners.

of every man,

whether W——kes, Lord S——h,

or P——l W——d, as unexceptionable.

His notions were peculiar to himself, and
originated from a species of good hu-
mour highly commendable, though
it has not obtained, universally,
with the less eccentrical part
of mankind.

He built abbies, consecrated churches, and
dug caverns, for the sake of mirth
and good fellowship ;

And having lived to see his dearest schemes
completed,

departed this life on the 17th of Jan. 178—,
in strong convulsions,
occasioned,

(as his domestics report)
 By the agitations he felt on hearing that
 Lord S——h proposed taking the Veil,
 and passing the remainder
 of his days,
 (by express command of his Holiness)
 in a Roman Catholic
 Nunnery.

*The following humorous EPITAPH has been given to three
 of our intimates; the Hon. F. C. the Earl of D. and
 Lord T. V. Be it whose it will, it is a very ingenious
 composition.*

HERE cool the ashes of MULCIBER GRIM,
 Late of this parish, *blacksmith,*
 He was born in Seacoal-lane, and bred
 at *Hammer-smith.*
 From his youth upwards he was much ad-
 dicted to *vices,* and was often guilty of
forgery.
 Having some talents for *irony,*
 He therefore produced many *heats* in his
 neighbourhood,
 Which he usually increased by *blowing up*
the coals.
 This rendered him so unpopular,
 That when he found it necessary to adopt
cooling measures,
 His conduct was generally accompanied
 with a *hiss.*
 Though he sometimes proved a *warm friend,*
 Yet, where his interest was concerned,
 He made it a constant rule to *strike while the iron*
was hot,
 Regardless

Regardless of the injury he might do thereby :
 And when he had
 Any matter of moment upon the anvil,
 He seldom fail'd to *turn it to his own advantage*;
 Among numberless instances that might
 be given of the cruelty of his
 disposition, it need only
 be mentioned,
 That he was the means of *hanging* many of the innocent
 family of the BELLS,
 Under the idle pretence of keeping them from
jangling;
 And put great numbers of the *hearts of steel* into the
hottest flames,
 Merely (as he declared) to *soften* the obduracy
 of their *tempers*.
 At length,
 After passing a long life in the commission of these
black actions,
 His *fire* being exhausted, and his
Bellows worn out,
 He *fled* off to that place where only the *fervid ordeal*
 of his own *forge* can be exceeded ;
 Declaring with his last *puff*,
 That " man is born to trouble as the *sparks* fly
 upwards."

The following lively EPIGRAPH we have from the hands
 of the late Lord L——, which may with some
 propriety be applied to himself.

Translation of REGINER'S EPIGRAPH.

Gayly I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,
 And spent my little life without a thought ;
 And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
 Should think of me, who never thought of him.

ISAAC

ISAAC FAC-TOTUM,

*Barber, Perriwig-Maker, Surgeon, Parish Clerk,
Schoolmaster, Blacksmith, and
Man-Midwife.*

SHAVES for a penny, cuts hair for twopence. Young ladies genteely educated. Lamps lighted by the year or quarter. Also Psalm-finging and horse-shoeing by the *real* maker. Likewise makes and mends all sorts of boots and shoes, teaches the hoboy and Jew's-harp, cuts corns, bleeds and blisters on the lowest terms.

Cow-tilions, and other dances, taught at home or abroad. Also deals wholesale and retail. Sells all sorts of stationary ware, together with blacking-balls, red-herrings, fine gingerbread, coals, scrubbing-brushes, treacle, mouse-traps, and all other sorts of sweetmeats.

N. B. I teach Jografy, and them outlandish kind of things. A balt on Wednesdays and Fridays. All performed (God-willing) by me,

Isaac Fac-Totum.

*Translation of a GREEK EPIGRAM on a GRECIAN
BEAUTY.*

Thy eyes declare the imperial wife of Jove;
Thy breasts disclose the Cyprian queen of love;
Minerva's fingers thy fair hand displays,
And Thetis' limbs each graceful step betrays.

Blest man! whose eye on thy bright form has hung;
Thrice blest! who hear the music of thy tongue:
As monarchs happy! who thy lips has prest;
But who embraces, as the gods are blest!

An attempt to prove that English is the most ancient of all languages, and that the ancients, whom we suppose to have been Greeks and Romans, were Englishmen, only corrupted by the chance of time.

In the manner of Dean Swift.

Vide Swift's Works.

By CORNELIUS VANDERSTOP.

I.

BACCHUS was a jolly good-humoured fellow, very fond of liquor: he was usher to a schoolmaster, and when his master was out of the way, used to regale himself in tippling; and in order that the scholars might not tell of him, would frequently indulge them in playing truant; at these times the scholars, fearing their master would find them out, and punish them for it, used to say to the usher, you must *back us*, you must take our part, usher; you must *back us*, or we shall be flogged: from which expression being often repeated, occasioned his being called *Bacchus*.

II.

HECATE was an old woman, who passed for an old witch, from being always surrounded and exceedingly fond of *boar cats*: from this circumstance the waggish boys used to call her *he-cat*, *he-eat*, whence her name *Hecate*.

III.

ATLAS was a great wencher, so that no woman was free from his importunities, which made the wags say, there goes *Mr. At-lafs*.

IV.

IV.

CASTOR and POLLUX were two famous boxers, one had a peculiar skill in throwing his adversary, which the standers-by observing, used to say, What a good *Castor* he is, how nicely he flings his antagonist; and thus he obtained the name of *Castor*. *Pollux* was equally expert at boxing as the other, but had a manner peculiar to himself, which was to *pull* the *locks* of *Castor*, in order to bring him to the ground; and from this circumstance he was called *Pull-Locks*, which is now corrupted into *Pollux*.

A correspondent sent me the following copy of a Shop-bill at Wigan, in Lancashire.

JAMES WILLIAMS, Parish Clerk, Saxtone, Town Cryer, and Bellman—makes and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, &c. likewise hair and wigs dressed and cut, on the shortest notice.

N. B. I keeps an evening school, where I teach at reasonable rates, reading, writing and finging.

N. B. I play the hooboy occasionally, if wanted.

N. B. My shop is next door, where I bleed, draw teth, and shoo horses, with the greatest skill.

N. B. Children taught to dance, if agreeable, at 6d. per week, by me J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron, and coals—shoes cleaned and mended.

N. B. A hat and pair of stockens to be cudgelled for, the best in 5, on Shrove Tuesday. For particulars enquire within, or at the horse shoe and bell, near the church, on either side of the way.

N. B. Look over the door for the fight of the three pigeons.

N. B. I sell good Ayle, and sometimes Cyder—Lodgings for single men.

When

When the distinguished duelist G. R. Fitzgerald was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French King; prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in them all. "Then, I think," says the King with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history, JACK THE GIANT KILLER."—*Related by Sir W. G.*

A child of six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked by an eminent dignified clergyman, where God was? with the proffered reward of an orange. "Tell me, replied the boy, where he is not? and I will give you two!"—*Related by the late Bishop of W——.*

Doctor Johnson, of whose abilities I was a great admirer, came into my library one day as I was enjoying the company of my wife and little ones in an adjoining apartment; my librarian informed me of it. I immediately went and paid my respects to the doctor, and asked him, "Why he did not continue to write? as I had not seen any thing from his pen lately." He bowed, and said he thought he had written enough. I replied with a smile, "So should I too, doctor, if you had not written so well." The doctor seemed quite elated with my compliment.

Santeuil was the first who let fly by the shafts of satire against the Monks. A * Provençal gentleman complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a Monk. "What, Sir" says Santeuil, who was present, "a man of your years not to know the Monks!—There are," continued he, "four things in the world you should always guard against; the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cart, and a Monk on all sides."—*This I had from Foote.*

* A native of Provence.

C

Shortly

Shortly after I came into the possession of my estate, I walked one morning into my library, where I found one of my under librarians asleep in a chair. As I never possessed that ridiculous pride that looks with contempt on inferiors I stepped up to him, and gave him a slight tap on the cheek; he clapt his hand on the place instantly, and, with his eyes still closed, exclaimed, "Damn it, George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another." I knew he took me for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, or I should have been angry; as it was much more poignant than I expected.

Some time after the above affair, I was making some improvements round a piece of water near my house, when the same youth happened to be standing at the brink, seemingly in deep meditation; I came behind him, and shoved him in up to his middle; he looked very sour at me, but held his tongue, and I could easily see he was by no means pleased at the frolic. I laughed, and walked away.—I mentioned this to Lord N. a few minutes after, who told me I might have many spaniels fond of taking the water, but this was the first instance he ever heard of one man taking another for a dog, whatever he may do to take him for a puppy. I felt the force of this rebuke, and promised within myself to behave better for the future.

When Sir Thomas More was ambassador from Henry the Eighth to the Emperor of Morocco, the morning he was to have an audience, he called for a bumper of sack, drank it, and asked for another; the servant would have dissuaded him from it, but could not; he drank that off, and afterwards a third: he then insisted on a fourth; but being overpersuaded by his servants, he let it alone. When he returned from his audience, "You rogue," said he to his man, "what mischief have you done me! I spoke so well to the emperor, on the inspiration of the three glasses I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world:—Now, you scoundrel, had I drank the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern the whole world."——*Related by Lord N.*

Fontennelle, after the first representation of *Oedipus*, said to the author, some previous compliments having been paid, "I could wish your verse were not quite so pompous, it would be more easy and flowing, and better suited to tragedy." "Sir," replied Voltaire, "that is a fault I intend to correct, and with that view will go directly and read your Pastorals."

Madame de **, who was very handsome, spoke highly in praise of the wit of Voltaire, who returned the compliment by saying, "I know, Madam, you perfectly well understand what wit is; but I must be allowed to be a connoisseur in beauty, and I am at present in raptures."

He complimented another very handsome lady, by telling her, "Your rivals are master-pieces of art; you are a master-piece of nature."

When the Earl of Wharton, who made so eminent a figure in the reign of Queen Anne, was a stripling, during the life of his father, a most formal Presbyterian, there being an extraordinary entertainment for some young gentry, on the anniversary of this hopeful son's birth, he was ordered by the old lord to say grace; whereupon, turning up his eyes, and assuming a puritanical countenance, he breathed the following strain:

"I pray God to shorten the days of Lord Wharton,
And set his son up in his place;
He'll drink, and he'll whore, and ten thousand things
more,
With as good a fanatical face."

The pious parent being deaf, and not hearing what he had said, but perceiving he had finished, very innocently gave his assent to it, by an *Amen*, *I pray God*. Which, to his great surprise, made the whole company burst into a laughter.

The Commercial Treaty promises to be of infinite advantage to this kingdom, and particularly the metropolis, as appears by the following improvements, &c.—In Dyot-Street, St. Giles's, a new shop is opened, and over the door these words :

“ Soup Meagre every day here at a penny per quart— and young ladies taught the French language in purity, by Monsieur and Madame Rien, just arrived from Paris.”

An Accademy appears in Hedge-lane, and a board over the first floor window, exhibits thus:—New French songs taught to English ballad-fingers and *les jolies filles de joye* instructed in the Parisian step, by Madame Dimirip, just arrived from Paris.”

But that which surpasses all the rest, is a new shop in old Gravel-lane, Wapping; the shew-board of which has this inscription;—Eyes for the blind, teeth for the toothless, legs for the lame, and calves for the spindlehanked:—false hips, false rumps, false colours, false nails, false fingers, false hair, and every other falsity that can beautify and adorn the English, so as to make them as amiable and as elegant as the French, to be had here at a moments warning, and fixed in by Monsieur Fauxpaux, just arrived from Paris, at the following rates :—

	£.	s.	d.
A black eye - - - - -	0	0	6
A blue eye - - - - -	0	0	4
A hazle eye - - - - -	0	0	3
A grey eye - - - - -	0	0	2
A wall eye to match - - - - -	0	0	1
A single tooth in front - - - - -	0	0	1
A double tooth - - - - -	0	0	1
A cork leg with springs - - - - -	0	2	6
A wooden leg and foot - - - - -	0	1	6
A pair of false calves - - - - -	0	0	6
A pair of false hips made with horsehair, elastic - - - - -	0	1	0
A pair of common rag ditto - - - - -	0	0	4
A red			

				£.	s.	d.
A red nose, flat	-	-	-	0	0	8
A pale nose, ditto	-	-	-	0	0	6
An Aquiline nose	-	-	-	0	0	9
A Roman nose	-	-	-	0	0	9
A sharp nose a-la-mode d'Eden	-	-	-	0	1	6
Madame Eden's nose	-	-	-	0	2	0
Madame Eden's arm	-	-	-	0	1	0
Madame Eden's leg	-	-	-	0	0	2
A wax bosom, flat, with red nipples	-	-	-	0	2	6
A wax neck and stomach, so as to shew shoulders, &c. complete	-	-	-	0	4	0
A wax bosom, en bon point	-	-	-	0	3	0
An enamel for the whole face, warranted to last twelve days and nights, let the weather be ever so boisterous	-	-	-	0	2	0
A breath sweetner	-	-	-	0	0	1½

* * Paints of all kinds on the lowest terms.

Christopher Smart, the ingenious author of an incomparable poem on the Attributes of the Supreme Being, and other excellent pieces, composed in one of his solitary walks, a few of the prettiest lines I have for some time met with. They are not among his works, nor in print. I believe the contemplative mind will read them with much pleasure.

“ A raven once an acorn took
From Bafan's tallest, stoutest tree,
He hid it near a limpid brook,
And liv'd—another oak to see.

Thus melancholy buries hope,
Which fear still keeps alive;
And bids us with misfortunes cope,
And all calamity survive

Related by Lord S.

The following pleasant anecdote was related to me some time ago by the facetious Bishop of B——.

The whimsical and immortal author of *Tristram Shandy* was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning; his parishioners had timely information of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, also desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crowds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit: here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their astonishment, to be the following:—"WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT, AND HAVE CAUGHT NO FISH." The congregation looked at each other, some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of man for a pulpit lecturer: however, they attended to his discourse, which turned out, as usual, very instructive; and all went home very highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her finger-ends every step of the way to her house.

The glorious answer of the Viscount d'Ortez to Charles the Ninth, is never to be forgotten. It was to this effect:—"Sire, I have read the letter, enjoining a massacre of the Hugonots, to the inhabitants of Bayonne. Your Majesty has many faithful devoted subjects in this city, but not one executioner."—*Related by my father.*

Two soldiers went to see Marshal Saxe's tomb: after standing some time in all the silence of awe and grief, each drew his sabre, and passed it over the stone which covers that great man's remains; then went away without speaking a word. Let any one try to express more energetically the confidence and regard of those two men towards him.—*Related by General Monkton.*

A dragoon

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? To which he replied, "he ran away with him."—"What," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?"—"That, please your honour," said the fellow, with the utmost indifference, "ran away too."—*Related by Lord Viscount T—d.*

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter, to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The Doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas in a chip box, with the following label:—"These must be used as your necessities require: be patient, and of good heart."—He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.—*Related by the Marquis of Rockingham.*

A certain prelate, famed for his eloquence, and accustomed to speak in public, uttering an harrangue one day before Lewis XIV. who had an air of royalty that inspired an awe into all that reproached him; was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The king, perceiving it, and touched with his distress, said, in the sweetest manner imaginable, "My lord, we are obliged to you for giving us leisure to admire the fine things you have been saying." The bishop was so encouraged by this compliment, that he resumed his speech, and proceeded without any more hesitation.

Meeting

Meeting the Duke of M—— at the levee at St. James's one day, for want of other chat, I told him the following story, which I had from George S——n:—Two friends, who had not seen each other for a long while, met one day by accident. How do you do, say one? "So so," replies the other; and yet I was married since you and I were together."—That is good news.—"Not very good—for it was my lot to choose a termagant."—It is pity.—"I hardly think it so—for she brought me two thousand pounds."—Well, there is comfort!—"Not so much—for with her fortune I purchased a quantity of sheep, and they are all dead of the rot."—That is indeed distressing!—"Not so distressing as you may imagine—for by the sale of their skins I got more than the sheep cost me." In that case you are indemnified.—"By no means—for my house and all my money have been destroyed by fire."—Alas, this was a dreadful misfortune!—"Faith not so dreadful—for my termagant wife and my house were burned together."

The Duke of D——, on his return from Hyde-Park one morning, told me he met with Lord Chesterfield in a very sickly state, taking the air in his carriage: they had not conversed many minutes, when Foote rode up, to inquire after his Lordship's health. "Well, Sam," says the witty Earl, "what part do you play to-night?" "Lady Dowager Whitfield *," replied the wag. "I am going to cut a figure myself," says his Lordship. "You have long cut a splendid figure, my Lord," says Foote. "It may be so," says his Lordship with a smile, "but I am now, Sir, rehearsing the principal character in the Funeral."

Domitian used to shut himself up, in order to hunt flies, his favourite diversion. One asking, if any body was with Cæsar, Vibius Crispus answered, "Not even a fly."

* *Mother Cole in the Minor.*

An agreeable woman, to whom Santeuil owed some money, meeting him one day in a private house, asked him the reason she had not seen him so long: "is it because you owe me something?" "No, Madam," replied the poet, "that is not what prevents my visiting; and you are the cause that you are not paid." "How so?" said the lady. "Because," said he, "whenever I see you, I forget every thing."—*Related by Foote.*

That excellent companion the old Earl Barthurst, told me the following anecdote:

When the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, was in Dublin, she sung in the Oratorio of the Messiah. A certain Bishop was so struck with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, loud enough to be heard by numbers round him, "Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!"

The famous John Baptiste Santeuil, the Latin poet, being in company with a Parisian husband, who was lamenting the infidelities of his wife: "A mere flea-bite," said the poet, "or less, as it is only an imaginary complaint; few die of it, and many live with it."

A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary, without giving his auditory any satisfaction. Santeuil, who was present, said, "He did better last year." A bye-stander asserted, he must be mistaken; for the present pulpit-thumper had not preached last year. "That is the very reason," said the poet.—*Foote favoured me with these.*

Catullus saying to Philip the orator, "Dog, why do you bark?" was answered, "Because I see a thief."

When a certain orator had made, as he thought, a moving harangue, he asked Catullus "Have I excited pity?" "Yes," said Catullus, "very great!"

My

My old companion, Quin, wounded a young fellow, who had drawn upon him, slightly in the hand, in a riot at the stage-door of Covent-Garden theatre. The spark, presently after, came into one of the green boxes, over the stage door. The play was Macbeth—and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, as Quin repeated, “and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood!” the young fellow bawls out, “Ay—reeking indeed! what, does your conscience prick you?—you rascal, that’s my blood you drew just now.” The actor, giving him a severe side glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, “Damn *your* blood, I say!” and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.——
This anecdote I had from Mrs. Pritchard.

When Cæsar conquered Pharnaces at the first onset, he sent this laconic letter to a friend; “I came, I saw, I conquered.”

Fabia Dollabella saying, she was thirty years of age; Cicero answered, “It must be true, for I have heard it these twenty years.”

Marcus Livius, after Fabius Maximus had retaken Tarentum, boasted, that Fabus could not have retaken it but for his assistance, who commanded the citadel. “True,” said Fabius, “if you had not lost it, I could never have retaken it.”

Servilius Geminus, supping with Lucius Mellius, a famous painter in Rome, and seeing his children deformed, said, “Mellius, you do not make as you paint.” “No,” answered he, “I make by night, but paint by day.”

The Emperor Nero said of a thieving servant, “That he was so honest, nothing was under key to him.”

Caius

Caius Lælius being reproached by a person of low birth, that he was unworthy of his race; answered, " By Hercules, you are worthy of yours!"

A clown in Berkshire employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, " Damn the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shou'dn't have had this trouble with thee."—*Related by Dr. H.*

A negro in the Island of St. Christopher had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved—" I suppose," says he, " he's a chip of the old block?" " No, no," says the negro, " Massa be all block himself.

EPITAPHIUM CHYMICUM.

Here lieth to digest, macerate, and
amalgamate with clay
in balneo arenæ,
stratum super stratum,
the residuum, terra damnata, et caput mortuum
of Boyle Godfrey, chymist,
and M. D.

A man, who in this earthly laboratory,
pursued various processes to obtain
arcanum vitæ,
or the secret to live;
also, aurum vitæ,
or the art of getting, rather than making, gold.
Alchymist

Alchymist like,
all his labour and projection,
as mercury in the fire, evaporated in fume.

When he dissolved to his first principles,
he departed as poor
as the last drop of an alembic;
for riches are not poured
on the adepts of this world.

Though fond of news, he carefully avoided
the fermentation, effervescence,
and decrepitation of this life.

Full seventy years his exalted essence
was hermetically sealed in its terrene matrafs;
but the radical moisture being exhausted,
the elixir vitæ spent,
and exsiccated to a cuticle,
he could not suspend longer in his vehicle,
but precipitated gradatim,
per campanum, to his original dust.

May that light, brighter than Bolognian phosphorus,
preserve him from the
athanor, empyreuma,
and reverberatory furnace of the other world;
depurate him from the fœces
and scoria of this;
highly rectify, and volatilize
his ætherial spirit;
bring it over the helm of the retort of this globe;
place it in a proper recipient,
or chrystalline orb,
among the elect of the flowers of Benjamin;
never to be saturated
'till the general resuscitation,
deflagration, calcination,
and sublimation of all things!

The Duke Philip of Borgona said, "Of great lords speak neither well nor ill; because, if you speak well, you lye; and if ill, you are in danger."

One saying to another, You speak foolishly. He answered, "It is that you may understand me."

Agésilæus being very fond of his children, he would sometimes ride about on a cane among them. A friend catching him at this sport, he said, "Tell nobody till you are yourself a father."

Some Athenian called the Spartans unlearned: "True," said Antalcidas, "we alone of all the Greeks have learned nothing bad from you Athenians."

A soldier saying, at Thermopylæ, that the arrows of the Barbarians were so numerous as to hide the sun: "Then," said Leonidas, "we shall have the great advantage of fighting in the shade."

When Xerxes wrote to Leonidas to surrender his arms; he only returned, "Come and take them."

A dancer saying to a Spartan, "You cannot stand so long on one leg as I can." True, answered the Spartan, *but any goose can.*

Aristippus being in a storm, shewed great fear. Upon being reproached for this by an officer present, he answered, *Our lives are of very different value.*

When Themistocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he said, *I bring two gods with me, Force, and Persuasion.* He was answered, *And we have two stronger, Want and Impossibility.*

Zeno thus addressed a garrulous youth, *Nature gave us two ears, and one mouth; that we might hear much, and talk little.*

An Athenian who wanted eloquence, but was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great affairs, got up and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has said, I will do."

Of two brothers, one served the king; the other toiled hard for his food. The former saying to the latter, "Why do you not serve the king, and get rid of your toil?" was answered, "Why do not you toil, and get rid of your slavery."

A girl, being deflowered, was bitterly reproached by her confessor, who said she had lost a treasure never to be regained. "Ah," said she, "how difficult it is to keep this treasure, when every clown has a key to it!"

Original Letter from the Chief Magistrate of a certain Corporation.

Dear Sur,

ON munday next I am to be made a *Mare*, and shall be much obliged to you if so be as you will send me down by the coach some provisions setting for the occasion, as I am to ax my brother the old *Mare*, and the rest of the Benth,

I am, Sur, &c.

Answer, by a Wag into whose hands it fell.

Sir,

IN obedience to your order, have sent you per coach two bushels of the best oats, and as you are to treat the old *Mare*, have added bran to make a mash.

The

The following sprightly and entertaining piece was read to me by Lord N——, some years ago at Windsor: I gave it to my eldest son for an Easter Task; and he, to the astonishment of every one, got it by heart in half a day.

To Mr. Q. laid up with a fit of the Gout.

By Mr. Lloyd, confined in the Fleet-Prison.

THERE is a magic in sweet sounds,
Which draws forth ev'ry thing but—pounds.
My magic song's commanding tune,
Medea could unhinge the moon.
At old Amphion's plastic call
The stones jump'd up, and form'd a wall;
The priests loud horns began to blow,
Down went the walls of Jericho:
The sailors, people not renown'd
For nice intelligence of sound,
Chuck'd poor Arion fairly o'er,
To swim, at least, nine leagues to shore,
Down fiddle went, and fiddler—pish!
He got a horseback on a fish!
You see the force of music here,
Your dolphins have a charming ear.
Young Orpheus, whom you oft have seen
In play-house suit of lightest green,
Scarce sweetly swept the whizzing wire,
When, at the magic of his lyre,
From cunning trap-doors of the earth,
Sprang trees of instantaneous birth;
While, all responsive to his airs,
Leapt bulls, and wolves, and dancing bears.
When David sung, what some folks call
(See Doctor Brown) the *Cure of Saul*,

D 2

He

He touch'd the monarch to the quick,
 Like Orpheus when he sooth'd *Old Nick*.
 A foaming wolf, relentless, fierce,
 Who never heard one word of verse,
 Came rushing from a neighbouring wood,
 Just where the careless poet stood;
 But * Horace (was he much to blame?)
 Humm'd a short ode—the wolf grew tame,
 And went as empty as he came.
 Strange pow'r of verse in ancient times!
 Lost in our luckless land of rhymes;
 All things are tending to decay,
 Poor Nature's in a palsy'd way.
 Now kings may touch and touch again,
 The royal *evik* will remain;
 And modern bards, and scepter'd kings,
 Are equally *ungifted* things.
 Not all the laws we laymen make,
 Can charm away the belly-ache.
 Can numbers numb the twinging gout,
 And bring the cripple dancing out?
 Say, can I soothe, with carol sweet,
 The *Cerberus* who guards the *Fleet*?
 Can I, by rhyme's harmonious aid,
 Charm *Argus Turnkeys* from their trade?
 Their mind on other passions rolls,
 They have no music in their souls.
 While on their accents senates hung,
 When Rhet'ric spoke from Tully's tongue,
 While he pursu'd his surest art,
 To wind him into Cæsar's heart,
 As if the words had pierc'd his soul,
 The artful Cæsar dropp'd his scroll.
 Wonders we cannot work like these,
 Say what you list, say what you please,
 J——n will hear, yet keep his keys.

* Ode XXII. Book I.

Say,

Say, will my song, *da capo'd* o'er,
Piano soft, *andante* roar,
 Tho' even Handel set the air,
 Call up one tree to shade the *bare*?
 Tho' I burst both my cheeks for spite,
 And blow aloud from morn to night,
 The trumpet, flute, and horn, and all—
 The devil of a brick will fall;
 And poetry like mine, I trust,
 Can neither raise a wall nor crust.
 In that loose cash, however strong,
 Who'll take the payment of a song?
 What wolf will now forego his prey
 For all that I can sing or say?
 My rhymes, alas! will *catch no fish*,
 To swim in sauce upon my dish!
 And for *these* notes, however clear,
 Will the next dolphin * give me beer?
 Alas! my friend; how vain our boast!
 The ancients still must rule the roast:
 They could raise walls by music's spell,
 Bring trees from earth, and wives from hell:
 But fruitless you may pipe and thrum;
 Nor wives, nor trees, nor walls will come.
 Though you, like Phœbus, sweetly sing,
 'I though I should soar on Pindar's wing,
 Yet neither tune nor words avail;
 The gout's a gout, the jail's a jail.
 What is't to us, or prose or rhyme,
 My measur'd verse your measur'd time?
 Have we not lost all use of feet,
 You in the *gout*, I in the *Fleet*?

Antimachus the poet, reading his verses, was left by all
 his hearers save Plato, to whom he said, "I shall proceed
 nevertheless; Plato is himself an audience."

* A public house on Ludgate-hill.

A scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, then waked him when his turn came. The scholar scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me!"

The people of Terracona, in Spain, sending to inform Augustus, as an happy omen, that a laurel had grown out of an altar they had erected to him; he answered, "Ay, it appears how often you sacrifice."

At Dyrrachium the great Cæsar waited for some forces from Brundisium. When their arrival was retarded, he secretly, and unknown, entered a little boat, to pass the sea. A storm arising, the master wished to return, but Julius encouraged him with the famous expression, "Know, you carry Cæsar, and all his fortunes."

A king saying to a Dervise, "Do you never think of me?" was answered, "Yes: but it is when I forget God."

A person came to beg the loan of fifty ducats from the schoolmaster of Toledo, founder of the College of Saint Catharine, who sent for a purse of reals and gave them to him. The borrower took them, and put them in his pocket without counting them. The schoolmaster observing this, asked for the purse, that he might see there was the sum; but, returning it into his chest, said, "A man who borrows without counting, can never mean to repay."

Brother Barnardino Palomo said, that wine has two losses, "If you put it in water, you lose your wine; and if not, you lose yourself."

The

The King Don Ferdinand lodged one night in the castle of Montilla, which Don Alonso de Augilar had furnished with much magnificence. The king going up a stair-case too narrow for so grand a house, asked, why he had so little a stair-case? "Sir," said Don Alonso, "I never expected to have so great a guest."

A gentleman who assisted the Count de Cabra in putting on his armour before a battle, perceiving him tremble, asked, what could cause this emotion in a man of such known bravery? The Count answered, "My flesh trembles at the dangers into which my soul will lead it."

A bad painter, who had never produced any thing of worth went to another place, and commenced physician. A person who knew him, meeting him there, asked the reason of his change. "Because," said he, "if I now commit faults, the earth covers them."

A law-suit arose in an university, upon the point, Whether the doctors in law, or the doctors in medicine, should hold the precedence? The judge asked the council, Whether it was usual for the thief or the hangman to walk first at an execution? Being answered, That the thief always walked first. "Then," said the judge, "let the doctors in medicine be next in rank."

A blacksmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the Alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mends wheels, &c. But the Alcalde said, "How then can I fulfil justice?" A labourer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough, hang the other."

A certain

A certain bishop had a Biscayan man-servant, whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat, and then come to church, where the bishop was to preach. The bishop, in his sermon, bringing authorities from the scripture in this manner: *Isaiah says thus; Jeremiah says thus:* at last happening to turn towards the door, as his servant came in, went on, *And what says David?* Upon which, the Biscayan roared out, "He swears to God, that if you do not pay your bill, you need never send to his shop again."

The Archbishop of Toledo standing at a window, and seeing a clown beat his ass most unmercifully, opened the casement, and called out, "Have done, have done, you scoundrel, else I shall have you whipt." The clown answered, "Your pardon, good master; I did not know my ass had friends at court."

Andrea Marteneti, a celebrated painter, pourtrayed, by order of Innocent VII. the four cardinal virtues, with the opposite vices. The pope not rewarding him as he expected, he said, "Holy Father, shall I paint one more vice, called Ingratitude?" "Yes," answered the pope, "if you add another virtue, called Patience."

Two scholars being in a tavern, fell a talking, in presence of their host, of the great Platonic year; in which, they said, after thirty thousand years, every thing shall revert to its former state. The host seeming much pleased with the novelty of the idea, one of them said to the landlord, that, seeing every thing was, in thirty thousand years, to revert to its present condition, they hoped he would trust them till then, and they would pay him most faithfully. The host, who was a shrewd fellow, replied, "Gentlemen, I will trust you with all my heart; but, as thirty thousand years ago you must have been just this sum in my debt, I must insist on being paid that first."

EPIGRAM,

E P I G R A M.

IMITATED FROM SIR THOMAS MORE.

THE LONG NOSED FAIR.

ONCE on a time I fair *Dorinda* kiss'd,
 Whose *nose* was too distinguish'd to be miss'd:
 My dear, says I, I fain would kiss you closer,
 But tho' your lips say *Ay*—your nose says, *No, Sir.*
 —The maid was equally to *fun* inclin'd,
 And plac'd her lovely lily hand BEHIND;
 Here, swain, she cry'd, may'st thou securely kiss,
 Where there's no nose to interrupt thy *bliss*.

Some ladies walking in the fields, met a labourer with a little kid, which he was carrying to market. "See! see!" said one of them, "what a pretty little goat, though it has no horns." The rustic cried, "Ladies, he is not married."

Man's Misfortune; or the modern fine Lady.

AN EPIGRAM.

False rumps, false teeth, false hair, false faces,
 Alas! poor man! how hard thy case is;
 Instead of *woman*, heavenly *woman's* charms,
 To clasp cork—gum—wool—varnish in thy arms.

Sir Francis Blake Delavel, having married an extremely ugly lady, though very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? "Look ye," said he, "I bought her by weight, and paid nothing for *fashion*."—Related by Foote.

Chancellor

Chancellor Northington, Easter Term, 3 Geo. III.

This cause was introduced to Lord Talbot, when the plaintiff was a fine florid virgin; and when she arrived to the age of maturity was brought before Lord Hardwick, at a time when he had nothing to introduce to her. Now she is in a state of decrepitude, you, with great impropriety, bring her to me, who am halting on crutches. I shall take compassion on the good old lady, and dismiss her the court. Let the bill be dismissed. Call the next cause.

The BELLMAN of Haxam's invitation to a Funeral.

Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, Joseph Dixon is departed, son of Christopher Dixon was. Their company is desired to-morrow, at five o'clock, and at six he is to be bu-ri-ed—for him and all faithful people give God most hearty thanks,

In one of the late exhibitions of the Royal Academy, there was a fine whole length painting of Mr. Garrick, in Richard the Third, which was universally allowed to be the best likeness of that incomparable actor yet done. One morning as Mr. Garrick was going down stairs from the exhibition room, he was met by a nobleman of his acquaintance, who asked him how he did? "Why, faith, my Lord," replied Garrick, "but *so-so* this morning; but if your Lordship will walk up stairs, you will see me as WELL as ever I was in my life."—*Related by Lord T——.*

Menecrates, a physician, having performed some wonderful cures was so intoxicated with the public applause, that he seriously adopted the name of Jupiter, given him by the idolization of his countrymen. Writing to Agefilaus, he began his letter, "Menecrates Jupiter to King Agefilaus, health." Agefilaus returned him this laconic answer, "King Agefilaus to Menecrates, health of mind."

A Plumber's Bill, as delivered.

*Right Hon. Lady Craven, to Priest Shrubb. For work
done in your Ladyship's Water-closet.*

	£.	s.	d.
To mending your ladyship's cistern	-	0	2 0
To a man to go to the bottom	-	0	7 6
Easing your Ladyship's waste pipe	-	0	2 6
To a cock put in the front	-	0	5 3
To a double ball ditto	-	0	7 6
		1	4 9

Right Hon. Lord Craven,

Dr.

To mending your lordship's cock	-	0	5 3
To lengthening ditto a snout	-	0	7 6
Canvass and pitch to close the hole	-	0	4 6
		0	17 6

Anacharhis the Scythian sage being asked "In what respect learned men differed from unlearned?" answered, *As the living from the dead.*

A certain facetious Abbe of France, having engaged a box at the Opera-House, at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a Marchal, as remarkable for his ungentleman-like behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanness. The Abbe for this unjustifiable breach of good manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to be his own advocate, which was granted. When he pleaded to the following effect: "'Tis not of Monsieur Suffrein, who acted so ably in the East-Indies, that I complain; it is not of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca, that I complain: it is not of the Compte de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is
of

of the Marchal who took my box at the Opera-House, and never took any thing else. This most poignant stroke of satire so sensibly evinced the court that he had already inflicted punishment sufficient, that they refused to grant him a verdict. A fine compliment to the Abbe's wit.

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the reverend as well as corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to pass that way; and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austere reproached him for breaking the Sabbath, telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied, "Your external appearance, reverend Sir, says, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river with mine, you would angle for it, though it were a fast-day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you!—*This was communicated to me by Lord G. S.*

The following is related of the K. of Prussia, with undoubted veracity:—

A clergyman of Neuf Chatel chapel preached against eternal d——n. His parishioners were so disgusted with him, that they would not afterwards suffer him to enter the church door, nay, they even pelted him. The King hearing of it, ordered the doors to be thrown open to the priest, that he might resume his function. The parson now resumed his subject. He would not allow of eternal d——n by any means; he had no objection to a limited time, even a hundred thousand years, but not infinite punishment. The parishioners would not suffer him to go on with his sermon, but pulled him headlong from his rostrum, turned him out of the church, and again pelted him. The King sent for the priest, and censured him for his absurdity in resuming a subject so obnoxious to his hearers, and said, "Since my subjects of Neuf Chatel are so fond of eternal d——n, they have my free leave to be d——ned to all eternity."—*Related by the late Counsellor D——, afterwards Lord A——, with great humour.*

The

The Earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend an evening with Butler, the celebrated author of *Hudibras*, spoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepperd to introduce him. The three wits, some time after, accordingly met at a tavern, when, upon the first bottle, Butler was rather flat; on the second, he broke out the man of wit and reading; but on the third, relapsed into a tameness of conversation—very inferior to the author of *Hudibras*. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his Lordship how he liked his friend Butler? “I do not know any thing better to compare him to,” says his Lordship, “than a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.”—*Related by Dr. Goldsmith to Earl N——, who gave it to me.*

Mr. Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham), in a debate with Lord Holland, took occasion, with great asperity, to say, that nature had painted in his countenance the signs of a black and treacherous soul, and noticed the pent-house of his fullen eyebrows, his hard unfocial front, and dark unblushing cheeks. On this Lord Holland arose, and complaining bitterly of the personal abuse; alledged that he could not help his looks, as he had not made himself; and, turning round to Mr. Pitt, the honourable gentleman finds fault with my features, but how would he have me look? Mr. Pitt starting up, replied, “The honourable gentleman asks me how I would have him look? I would have him look as he ought, if he could; I would have him look as he cannot, if he would; I would have him look like an honest man.”—This severe retort threw his antagonist into silent unconquerable confusion.—*Related by the great Earl of C——.*

A French gentleman asked the celebrated Mr. Sterne, when in Paris, if he found in France no original characters that he could make use of in his *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*; “No,” replied he, “the French resemble old pieces of coin, whose impressions is worn out by rubbing.”—*Related by the late Earl B——.*

The Marchioness of C——, on being detected in her amour with Mr. B——, requested her maid would keep it a secret, and if the other servants knew it, she begged she would bribe them into secrecy, for which she gave her four guineas, saying, at the same time, if her mamma heard of it, she was an undone woman! To which the girl smartly replied, "That could not be, for her Ladyship was an undone woman already!"—*Related by Lady C——.*

A gentleman who happened to sit in company with Foote, at the Smyrna Coffee-house, took up a newspaper, saying, "he wanted to see what the ministry were about." Foote, with a smile, said, "look among the robberies."

Lord S—— vexed me very much some time ago, when I could not help breaking out in the following manner: At the Court of the Khalif Arrashid, there was a fool named Bahalul; some of whose sayings have been preserved. He appears to have possessed vivacity, wit, and observation; and he was permitted to take every kind of licence with the Khalif and his courtiers: "I wish," says Arrashid to him one day, you could procure me a list of all the fools in Bagdat."—"That would be difficult, Commander of the Faithful; but if you desire to know the wise men, that catalogue may soon be completed."

The Countess of H—— was railing one day at Lord C——, who never paid his debts, and she was certain of his being so unprincipled never to pay one. "That I can contradict, my Lady," said I, "for he must undoubtedly pay the full debt of nature."

One Collins was stopped in Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, with four hogs that he stole. He attempted to make his escape, but running into a court, through which there was no passage, he was taken and lodged in Clerkenwell Bridewell. "Damn it," said he as he entered, "I have brought my hogs to a fine market."

A gentle

A gentleman of the name of Addison, after spending the evening with several good fellows, became at length so much intoxicated as to be unable to speak, and, reclining his head on a table, fell into a sound sleep; on which one of the company, who sat opposite, remarked, that their friend, Mr. Addison, was at present neither a **TATLER**, nor a **SPECTATOR**, but might speedily want a **GUARDIAN**.

A sharper of the town, seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, "Do you smoke Sir?" "Yes," said the gentleman, very gravely, "any one that has a design upon me."

A lieutenant-colonel in one of the Irish regiments in the French service, was dispatched by the Duke of Berwick, from fort Kehl, to the king of France, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment. His majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. "Sir," says the officer, "all your majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

A Gascon officer, who had served under Henry IV. without receiving any pay for a considerable time, came to the king and confidently said to him, "Sir, three words with your Majesty, Money or Discharge." "Four with you," answered his Majesty, "Neither one nor t'other."

A friar preaching a very dull sermon on happiness, a lady, who saw him next day, told him he had forgot one sort of happiness, *Happy are they who did not hear your sermon.*

King James I. mounting a horse that was unruly, cried, "The deel tak my faul, firrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the Five Hundred Kings in the House of Commons. They'll fune tame ye."

A lawyer's clerk was in love with an extreme pretty girl, courted her, and agreed to marry her. The wedding entertainment was provided, and amongst others, the clerk's master was invited. In the heat of dancing, a sigh, caused by indigestion, or windy food, escaped the bride the contrary way, and loud enough to be heard by all the company, who burst into laughter: she blushed, and the bridegroom was so confounded and enraged, that he instantly broke off the match, to which no remonstrances nor intreaties could reconcile him, he imagining his acquaintance would jeer him for ever upon this accident, and he left the house in a pet. Great was now the disorder of the guests! The clerk's master, who was one of them, and though a man in years, had eyed the girl with great attention, and was smitten with her beauty, not only condemned his clerk's excessive delicacy, but proposed to repair the injury he had done the girl, and offered her marriage on the spot. Piqued at her lover's desertion, and pressed by her friends, who foresaw the advantages of such a match, she consented, and they were married immediately. After marriage, she behaved to him with so much modesty and discretion, that dying soon after, he left her mistress of a very opulent fortune. Being now widow, handsome, young, and rich, she had many offers of marriage, but accepted only the Marshal de l'Hospital, Governor of Paris; who also dying soon after, left her once more a widow, though with greater additions of honour than of fortune. Her person and character were now so amiable, that Casimir, King of Poland, residing in France after his abdication of the throne, fell in love with her, and married her. So great a fortune perhaps never took its rise from so burlesque an incident.

We commonly say, second thoughts are best ; and young women, who pretend to be averse to marriage, desire not to be taken at their words. One asked a girl, if she would have him ? Faith ! no John, says she ; but you may have me if you will.

A butcher in Smithfield, lying at the point of death, said to his wife, my dear, I am not long for this world, therefore advise you to marry our man John ; he's a lusty strong fellow, fit for your business.—“ O dear, husband,” said she, “ never let that trouble you, for John and I have agreed upon that matter already.”

Some men and their wives, who all lived on the same side of a street, being merry-making at a neighbours house : said one of the husbands, It's reported that all the men in our row are cuckolds, but one. Soon after, his wife being thoughtful, What makes you sad, my dear ? said he, I hope you are not offended at what I said. “ No,” said she, “ I'm only considering who that one can be.”

A woman prosecuted a gentleman for a rape ; upon trial the Judge asked her, if she made resistance ? I cried out, and please your Lordship, said the woman. Ay, said one of the witnesses, but that was nine months after.

An Oxford vintner, complaining to his man that there were no bottles left, though he had laid in a large stock very lately—No wonder, says the fellow, for all those that were measure you broke ; and all those that were not measure the scholars have broke.

One swore an ell was the longest lived of all creatures ; for it lived longest after it was dead.

A gentleman in the country, whose wife had the misfortune to hang herself on an apple-tree, a neighbour came in, and begged he would give him a scion of that tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard ;—for who knows, said he, but it may bear the same fruit ?

A poet was going over Lincoln's-inn-fields, one who pretended himself a maimed soldier, begged an alms of him. The Poet asked him by what authority he went a begging? Sir, said the soldier, I have a licence: A licence! said the poet, lice I conceive thou may'st have, but sense thou hast none, to beg money of a poet.

A person asked an *Irishman* why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? Who answered, because there was a hole on the other side.

A gentleman calling for small beer at a friends table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the servant, without drinking. What! said the master of the house, don't you like the beer? it is not to be found fault with. No, answered the other, we should never speak ill of the dead.

A young lady having been lately married, on seeing her husband about to rise pretty early in the morning, said, What, my dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. No, my dear, replied the husband, I'll get up and rest myself.

A soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar knowing him to be a coward, said, he had best take heed, the next time he ran away, how he looked back.

T H E E N D.

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